

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning. Price Sixpence; or 10d. if sent into the Country. Free of Postage, on the Day of Publication; Country and Foreign Readers may also be supplied with the unstamped Edition in Monthly or Quarterly Parts.

No. 228. LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1823. Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Peak Scenery; or Excursions in Derbyshire, made chiefly for the Purpose of Picturesque Observation, from Drawings made for the Purpose by F. Chantrey, Esq. Sculptor, R. A., and others.
By E. RHODES, Part IV. 4to. London, 1823.

SOMEWHAT more than twelve months ago we did justice to the third part of this splendid graphic work, which presents, so far as the pencil and the graver can present it, the most beautiful and the most romantic scenery in England to our view. It is to works like the present that we always find a difficulty to do justice. As little conception can be formed of the beauties of nature without viewing them, so it is difficult to conceive the excellence of engravings from mere description; and, in the present case, to be able duly to appreciate their merit and fidelity, a local acquaintance with the scenes they represent is necessary.

When, however, it is known that the drawings have been made expressly for this work, and that they are from the pencil of a Chantrey, a Hofland, a Blore, and a Thompson, and that these have been transferred to copper by Messrs. G. and W. B. Cooke and Mr. G. Blore, the reader will be prepared to expect that they are of the highest excellence. Such, indeed, is the case; and, for fireside travellers, we know no work so likely to communicate an acquaintance with the scenery it depicts and describes as 'Rhodes's Peak Scenery.'

For the letter press we are indebted to Mr. Rhodes, and while it gives an animated description of the national scenery and antiquarian antiquities, it contains many interesting facts and recollections relative to the history and local customs of Derbyshire. The work is also interspersed with biographical notices. One of these is a memoir of Chantrey, the artist to whom this work is indebted for so many beautiful sketches. There is something so instructive in the life of the first English sculptor that we are sure our readers

will thank us for giving an abridged memoir of him: Mr. Chantrey is a native of Norton, in Derbyshire, (about four miles from Sheffield) and was born on the 7th of April, 1782. His ancestors were in respectable but not opulent circumstances and some heritable possessions still belong to the family. His father suffered some heavy pecuniary losses and died when his only child was but twelve years of age. His mother continued on the farm, which had long been in the family, and gave her son as liberal an education as her limited means would afford. At the age of eighteen he apprenticed himself to a Mr. Ramsay, a carver and gilder in Sheffield, but even in this business he soon found that he had few opportunities of indulging that feeling for the arts which had then taken possession of his mind:—

'At this time Mr. J. R. Smith, mezzotint-engraver and portrait-painter, visited Sheffield, in his profession as an artist, and being occasionally at the house of Mr. Ramsay, Chantrey's devotion to the study and practice of drawing and modelling did not escape his observation. He was the first to perceive and appreciate his genius; he took pleasure in giving him instruction, and some years afterwards, the pupil having become a proficient in art, perpetuated the recollection of his master in one of the finest busts that ever came from his hands.'

'He, however, experienced considerable difficulty in making an advantageous use of the lessons thus obtained. His master supposing, and perhaps with reason, that Chantrey's predilection for the arts would make him a less profitable servant, was but little inclined to promote his pursuits. The whole of his leisure hours, however, were devoted to his favourite studies, and chiefly passed in a lonely room in the neighbourhood of his master's, which he hired at the rate of a few pence weekly.'

'It may easily be supposed, from the preceding detail, that the connexion between Chantrey and Ramsay was not of long continuance; they separated before the expiration of the term of his apprenticeship, a compensation being made by Chantrey for the remainder of his time. Being now left to prosecute his studies, in his own way, he visited London, and attended the school of the Royal Academy at Somerset House, but was never regularly admitted a student.'

'Painting and sculpture, the sister arts, to one of which he resolved to dedicate his talents, were now presented to his choice, but he was undetermined which to prefer, and some weeks passed away before he attempted either. Painting had only a secondary place in his affections, but he regarded it as a surer source of profitable employment than sculpture; he therefore hesitated long before he made his election. Perplexed and embarrassed, he left the students' room at Somerset House, returned to his own apartments, "resolved and re-resolved," spread his canvass before him, prepared his pallet, took up his pencils and began to paint; landscape, portrait, and history, by turns attracted his notice and mingled with his contemplations, but the sculpture of the Academy was continually before him, and the images it presented became associated with all his thoughts. This state of suspense prevented him from using the talents he then possessed, and so long as it continued he accomplished nothing. During this period of doubt and indecision he visited the Elgin marbles: these perfect resemblances of nature and simplicity made a strong impression on his mind—the more he examined them, the more he became convinced of their truth and their beauty—they confirmed him in his own notions of excellence—and he revisited them daily and with increased delight. In the intervals that filled up the space between his successive visits to these exquisite productions of art, he repeatedly attempted to paint, but the works of Greece, simple in design—beautiful in execution—imposing and grand in effect—were still present to him:—they influenced his choice, and determined him to become a sculptor.'

'Chantrey's first work in marble was a bust of the Rev. James Wilkinson, which he executed for the parish church at Sheffield. He entered on this undertaking with all the confidence of conscious talent, and the assurance of success, even though previously he had never worked on marble, and never used either a hammer or chisel. Montgomery the poet, the author of the *Wanderer of Switzerland*, &c. beautifully alludes to this early production in a speech delivered in the town of Sheffield, in December, 1822, on the establishment of a Philosophical and Literary Society there. Having briefly noticed several individuals, natives of the place, whose talents and acquirements in science and literature were an honour to the town, he adds—

"Mr. Chantrey was not indeed a native of the town, but having been born at Norton, in Derbyshire, four miles hence, within

the limits of this corporation, he belongs to us, and is one of us. Whatever previous circumstances, very early in life, may have taught his eye to look at forms as subjects for his thoughts, his pencil, or his hand, it was in Sheffield, after he had been called hither from the honourable occupation of husbandry, which kings and the awful fathers of mankind of old did not disdain to follow—it was in Sheffield that his genius first began to exercise its plastic powers, both in painting and sculpture;—it was in Sheffield that the glorious alternative was presented to him, either to be amongst the greatest painters of the age, or to be alone as the greatest of its sculptors;—it was in Sheffield, likewise, after he had made the wiser choice, that he produced his first work in marble—and Sheffield possesses that work, and, I trust, will possess it, till the hand of time, atom by atom, shall have crumbled it into dust.

“This assuredly was the most interesting crisis of the artist's life—the turning period that should decide the bias of his future course. Having employed a marble-mason to rough hew the whole, he commenced his task—with a hand trembling but determined—an eye keenly looking after the effect of every stroke, and a mind flushed with anticipation, yet fluctuating often between hope and fear, doubt, agony, and rapturæ—perplexities that always accompany conscious but untried powers in the effort to do some great thing:—he pursued his solitary toil day by day, and night by night, till the form being slowly developed, at length the countenance came out of the stone, and looked its parent in the face. To know his joy, a man must have been such a parent. The throes and anguish, however, of that first birth of his genius in marble, enabled that genius thenceforward, with comparative ease, to give being and body to its mightiest conceptions.”

“It was many years the fate of Chantrey to experience what most men of genius have more or less endured, the pains of hope deferred, and expectations disappointed. I have sometimes heard him say, when recurring to the discouraging circumstances and the difficulties which he had to encounter when young in art, and totally unknown beyond the place where he lived, that for upwards of six years spent in his professional pursuits, he did not receive as many pounds. But let young artists be cheered by his enduring perseverance, which conducted him through twelve long years of silent labour and privation, to fame and eminence. He modelled in a little retired room, his name and his works known only to a few, and his limited means of subsistence assisted by occasionally carving on wood; yet he never despaired, and here I may use his own words of encouragement to a young artist: “Let none be alarmed because fame is slow of foot—men can no more prevent genius from being known than they can hinder the sun from shining.”

“When Chantrey was struggling with difficulties and scarcely known as an artist,

John Horne Tooke employed him to model his bust. It was sent to the Royal Academy, and exhibited in plaster: but he sustained no loss from the humble materials of which it was composed. The ungracious task of arranging the various productions in this branch of art this year devolved upon Nollekens, and to no man could the duty of conferring distinction on merit have been more properly confided. He placed the work of the young sculptor—who was soon destined to excel himself in this characteristic line of art—not on the shelf, (an emphatic expression, denoting beyond the reach of the eye,)—nor in a dark corner—but between two marble busts of his own—and in a situation so conspicuous, that the peculiar excellences of this speaking portrait could not be overlooked. Joseph Nollekens is now beyond the reach of human praise—he is gone to “that bourne from whence no traveller returns;”—but he lived to see and rejoice in the fame of the artist, whose works he had the taste to admire, and the generosity to rank with his own. Commissions to the amount of many thousand pounds immediately followed. That era in the life of Chantrey had now arrived which may be regarded as the commencement of his unexampled career.”

The busts of Horne Tooke, West, and Wordsworth; the statue of his late Majesty, in the council room at Guildhall, the monumental Group in memory of Miss Johnes of Hafod, and more particularly that of the ‘Two Children,’ in Lichfield Abbey, placed Chantrey in the first rank of living sculptors:—

“In the years 1814 and 1815, Chantrey went to Paris, and saw the celebrated collection of the Louvre on the eve of its dispersion. Here he became acquainted with Canova; and when the Roman sculptor visited London, the acquaintance was renewed, and continued uninterrupted until his death. These were to him journeys of infinite importance: during his stay in Paris he might be said to live only in the Louvre, for there nearly the whole of his waking hours were passed. At this memorable place he not only studied the peculiar excellences of the various works that it contained, but he obtained accurate copies of the finest statues, with which he enriched his collection at his residence in London. His group of Laocoön, his Apollo, Antinous, Germanicus, Venus de Medici,—“the statue that enchants the world,” Diana, and many others, are faithful resemblances of the originals, and they constitute a school for study to which young artists are permitted to resort for practice and improvement.

“During the whole of this visit to France he indulged in his favourite amusement of drawing, and his sketch-book presents a faithful history of his journey. The carriage in which he travelled—the postillion that drove it—the first bed in which he slept after leaving his native country—the towns through which he successively passed—Paris—its public buildings—the Garden of the

Thuilleries—the interior of the Louvre—the picturesque streets and cathedral of Amiens, were amongst the objects that employed his pencil. His drawings are dated; his progress may therefore be traced, and the route of his travels accurately pointed out. I once had the pleasure of looking over his sketches immediately after his first tour into Scotland, and in addition to the history of his journey which they presented, imagination soon converted them into a kind of barometer, by which to ascertain his mode of living: some of them were fixed with tea, a sober beverage—some with milk—some with malt liquor—some with whiskey—and others with port wine, as these various liquids happened to be before him.

“In the autumn of 1819 he went to Italy, for the purposes of observation and improvement. Not wishing to have his time occupied in receiving and returning visits, he travelled privately, in company with an English gentleman, John Read, Esq. who resides at the village where Chantrey was born. During this excursion he devoted almost every hour to the study of objects intimately connected with his professional pursuits. While at Rome he generally received that marked attention which Italy invariably bestows on men eminent in art; but he shunned as much as possible every thing like parade or ceremony, nor did he permit the many courtesies he experienced to abstract his attention from those studies which had induced him to visit Italy. During his stay at Rome he was made a member of the Academy of St. Luke, as a compliment to his talents and an acknowledgment of his rank in art.”

From this biographical episode we turn to subjects more immediately connected with the work, but our limits render it necessary that we defer the further notice until our next number.

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The Hermit in Prison. Translated from the French of E. JOUV (Member of the Institute, and Author of the ‘Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin’) and A. JAY. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 515. London, 1823.

OUR modern hermits are very unlike the anchorite of old, whom Dr. Johnson describes as a solitary who retires from society to contemplation and devotion; and Parnell as living ‘far in a wild, unknown to public view:’—

‘The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
Remote from men, with God he pass'd his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
Not so our literary hermits; we have had the ‘Hermit in London’ visiting the balls, routs, masquerades, horse-races, and boxing matches; the ‘Hermit in the Country’ revelling in every species of rural amusement; and the ‘Hermit Abroad’ giving into all the gaieties of the Palais Royal; and now we have a

‘Hermit (*proh pudor!*) in Prison:’ and yet we confess we like any of these hermits better than those sour and eccentric beings of reality, who have affected disgust with the world, and retired from it only to be the more noticed, or the better paid in their seclusion.

The first of the literary hermits, we believe, was the ‘Hermit of the Chaussee d’Antin,—a very clever production, by M. Jouy (one of the authors of the volumes before us), which has not been equalled by any of his successors and imitators. The ‘Hermit in Prison,’ which is the joint production of M. M. Jouy and Jay, is introduced by a lively preface, which commences thus:—

‘We had just been condemned to a month’s imprisonment by the Royal Court of Paris, on the appeal of the King’s Advocate. Twenty-four hours were allowed us to abuse our judges: but we contented ourselves with pitying them, and sat down quietly to our dinner. There must certainly be something in the air of the *Palais de Justice*, which sharpens the appetite; else it would not be easy to account for the famous way in which we conducted ourselves at table, or the jolly obesity of the greater part of our magistrates. If I were one of the faculty, and there should fall into my hands some of those Sybarites, who are always on bad terms with their stomach, I would prescribe for them a two hours’ walk in the hall of the *Pulais*, and after breathing the air of that place for a short time, I am quite sure they would come away with a ravenous appetite. Let some of our distinguished doctors find out the cause of this phenomenon.

‘At table we began to discuss the matter of our trial, the fluency of the Advocate General, the eloquence of Mons. Dupin, and the sentence against us. Do what we would with the subject, it was all in vain, to attempt escaping this conclusion: “we must go to prison!” I do not know five words in the language more difficult to pronounce; they do not convey a single agreeable idea.’

Having determined, with their prison thoughts, to enrich the world with a series of sketches of society, under the title of the ‘Hermit in Prison,’ they sat to work, producing a paper every day during the thirty days of their imaginary confinement. The prison and its inmates are generally the subjects, and there is often more reality in many of the sketches than at first appears, with now and then some very just reflections on the restrictions of the present French government on the press; and the odious severity of prison-discipline in France, where a person cannot visit a friend in confinement without paying seven sous for admission. ‘Even,’ says M. Jay, ‘the relatives of the prisoners are subjected to this tax. A mother cannot come here to mourn with her

son; a wife cannot embrace her husband without the permission of Mons. Cleau (clerk in the prison of Sainte Pélagie) and having paid his demand. The revenue speculates on the tenderness of affection and friendship; its greedy drain is always in operation.’

Independent of the political feelings or political bias of the authors of the ‘Hermit in Prison,’ their work contains many lively essays, free from politics—many philosophic reflections and acute remarks, which will render it acceptable to almost every class of readers. With this exordium, we introduce our authors, by selecting three of their sketches, and, first, the ‘Illustrations of a Prison:’—

‘Whenever we attempt to show off our erudition on the subject of human sufferings, it is easy to display a great deal of scholarship at a very small expense. Examples multiply under the pen; our faculties are absolutely beset with them; and the page covered over with facts has no room left for reflections. If I were not afraid some one would find out, in a simple remark, a feeling of vanity as far from my disposition as it is unbecoming my situation, I would say that persecution always directs itself against some superiority, real or pretended; and that, to attain a high reputation, we must have the courage to bear up against great injustice. Sophocles was dragged before a tribunal by his own children. Aristides and Themistocles were exiled. Phocion and Socrates drank hemlock: the memory of the last was insulted by Cicero himself, who, in one of his familiar epistles, speaks of him as an usurer, when he gives orders under his hand to buy up the property of his friend the *Crotouiat*, confiscated by a judicial decree. The virtuous Plato was accused of envy by Athenaeus, of falsehood by Theopompos, of theft by Aulus Gellius, of avarice by Suidas, of debauchery by Porphyry, and of impiety by that rogue Aristophanes, who was paid by the Athenians for calumniating the most virtuous men of the age, and who worked well for his wages.

‘With regard to the corporal punishment of a prison, with which I am at present more particularly occupied, because I have the subject under my own eyes, it would be easy to fill a volume with the names only of scholars, men of letters and philosophers, on whom this chastisement has been inflicted.

‘Anaxagoras was imprisoned for having asserted that there was a God; Boethius for having been an upright minister; Buchanan for speaking the truth; Galileo for demonstrating that the earth revolved round the sun. It was in prison that Boethius wrote his most valuable work, and Buchanan his beautiful paraphrases of the psalms of David.

‘Five years’ imprisonment were inflicted on the most courageous and the most grateful of poets—Pelisson; and there he wrote his verses for posterity. The immortal au-

thor of the *Jerusalem Delivered* died in a dungeon; and Don Quixote first saw the light in one. There is no better work on English jurisprudence than *Fleta*, composed in the *Fleet*, by a lawyer, confined for debt, and who remained there till his death.

‘Louis XII., Duke of Orleans, was imprisoned before he ascended the throne: and, in the old tower of Bourges, he first received his lesson in the art of governing. It is remarkable, that two of the best kings that France ever had, Louis IV. and Henry IV., received the same lesson of misfortune; and, what is still more wonderful, knew how to turn it to advantage. Raleigh wrote his *History of the World*,—a *chef-d’œuvre* of eloquence and good sense,—in a cell: he died because he had been a hero. Selden composed most of his valuable works in a prison. Polignac occupied his hours of confinement with the *Anti-Lucretius*. Fréret studied Bayle during his long sojourn in the Bastile; and the great genius of our age, Voltaire, sketched out, in the same place, the plan of the only epic poem we possess. The royalist poet, Davenant, whose life Milton saved during the protectorate, and who returned the favour to the English Homer after the restoration,—Davenant finished his poem in Carisbrooke Castle, where he was confined by order of Cromwell. The author of *Robinson Crusoe*, the only book which Rousseau would permit to be placed in the hands of children, finished his romance in Newgate. De Foe had written against those ministers who disgraced the nation: they sent him to prison; and, when he was liberated, they had lost their situations, and he had achieved his own.

‘A prison seems to bring good fortune to authors. The *Gondibert* of Sir William Davenant is the only one of his works which was worth preserving; and the *Review of De Foe*, which he began in the cells of Newgate, and which has been so happily imitated by Addison and Steele in the *Spectator*, was the origin of a hundred periodical essays of the same sort, of which England boasts, and which I have endeavoured to introduce into France, under the title of the *Hermit*. The prisoner of Sainte-Pélagie pays this homage to the prisoner of Newgate, for whatever success he may have obtained in a kind of writing of which De Foe was the inventor.

‘Politics also flung Wicquefort into a state prison, where he wrote his curious treatise on ambassadors. Few persons are aware that an Italian, named Maggi, after having defended, with as much courage as talent, the city of Famagosta, besieged by the Turks, became their prisoner, and was treated by them in the true Turkish style. They burnt his house, books, instruments, and flung him into a subterraneous dungeon, where he was entombed for fourteen months, and where he composed his excellent essay *De Tintinnabulis*.

‘It is said that misfortune disarms envy, and that the envious are sometimes susceptible of compassion. This remark is refuted by experience; the powerful feel a desire to pardon the deserving; the weak, who

are the envious, never pardon it. An imbecile prince delighted in being able to burn the works of the Abbé Trithemius, who was guilty of having invented stenography; but poor Virgilius, Bishop of Salzburg, was burnt himself at the request of an envious theologian, for having had the audacity to write that the earth was round, and that there must necessarily be Antipodes.

It would be too easy to increase this catalogue of unfortunate scholars, with names collected from all kinds and classes of talent; but I leave to those who are aspiring to "the class of sciences and belles-lettres" these gratifying researches.

Since the persecution of philosophers and men of letters appears to be the invincible maxim of all governments, and that they will not, even in this enlightened age, allow them a separate prison, I would propose (without prejudice to the severities which they might still wish to exercise against the living,) that an expiatory monument should be raised to the dead. Whatever form the artist might think proper to give to this edifice, I should desire that the following portraits be placed there, without any respect to age, country or the kind of their calamity: of Camoens, who perished of hunger in the public streets; of Otway, who expired on the straw in a garret, after having sold his last moveables a few days before; of Tasso, who borrowed two shillings for his support during the week:

Non avendo candele per iscrivere i versi suoi; of Ariosto, who complains in his satires so bitterly of having but one ragged cloak: of Dryden, who was nearly all his life in the pay of Tonson the bookseller, and who sold for twelve pounds, ten thousand of the best verses in the English language; and of Gilbert, who died in a hospital.

The prominent places should be set apart for Milton, forced to sell his Paradise Lost for ten guineas; for Le Sage, who in his old age lived upon the bread of charity; for Corneille, who had not even a basin of broth the evening before his death; for Vondel, who wrote his tragedies in a miserable shop, where he died at the age of ninety years; for Voltaire, who passed in exile sixty years of his glorious life; for Rousseau, a wanderer; for David a proscrip-
tive; for Sydenham, who died in a lock-up-house; for the learned Adanson, who apologized, at eighty years of age, for not going to the academy, because he was without money to purchase a pair of shoes.

The inscription for such a monument should be —. Here at last we may repose.'

Women.—Whenever you meet with the unhappy, there you are sure to find the female sex. Between women and suffering, there is a mysterious relation,—the only one which they never have the will nor the power to break. Without seeking to weaken the value of the sentiment which animates them, we might say that there is something like coquetry in the compassion of women:—pity and tears become them so well! The sight of misfortune gives such a tender and graceful expression to their looks, and the dark light of a prison is so favorable to

their charms, that one is sometimes tempted to believe that they would never show themselves so good, if it were not to look more beautiful. No one knows all the influence of woman, all the beneficent energies of her soul, and all the ingenious resources of her wit, unless he has seen her in those fearful retreats, whence hope is never banished so long as woman is permitted to enter. Deprived of freedom in the greatest part of the globe, women, who might pass for a vanquished nation, which nature, education, manners, laws, and men, keep every where in a state of perpetual subjugation,—appear occupied only with softening or breaking the bonds which their tyrants have imposed. These amiable captives, sometimes faithless in the days of our prosperity, are never so in those of our misfortune. If the examples of present times did not crowd upon me on all sides, I would appeal to history. There I should find the name of that Eponina, who followed from cave to cave her husband Sabinus, whom an emperor too much praised, the avaricious Vespasian, caused so cruelly to perish. I would recall the generous and tender memory of Arria, and of Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus. Nearer to our own times, I should find the not less sublime example of the daughter of Sir Thomas More, who wished to share the prison of her illustrious father, and accompanied him to the scaffold; I should find that, after having purchased, at the price of her fortune, the bloody head of her unhappy sire, she was accused of preserving, in her cabinet, this sad relic, of reading incessantly his works, and, consequently, of nourishing sentiments hostile to the government. Intrepid before the court, she defended the memory of her father, rather than her own life, with uncommon eloquence; and the cries of her sorrow at least softened her judges, for she was not condemned.

I will not speak of Mlle. de Scuderi, who employed a multitude of devices, far more ingenious than any which occur in her romances, in order to procure for the unhappy Pelisson the ink and paper necessary for his defence. Nor will I demand of the dungeons of the revolution, how many generous sacrifices, sublime actions, touching attentions,—how many perils encountered and sufferings soothed, have raised, during our civil discords, the character of French women to the highest rank. I am not called upon to retrace the angelic devotion of Mme. de la Fayette in the prison of Olmutz; of Mme. de Lavalette in the Conciergerie; and of another lady, of the same name, who recently died in America: history has already consecrated these glorious names. It is with virtues more domestic, and scenes less sorrowful, that I wish now to occupy my readers.

The spectacle of the *salon* of Sainte-Pélagie, on Thursday and Sunday in each week, is well worthy of the attention of any observing friend of women. These two are the only days when those who are imprisoned for offences—properly entitled criminal—are allowed to receive the visits of their relatives or friends. A single remark, to which

this entire chapter will serve as a commentary, is, that at these meetings the women are far more numerous than the men. I have often prolonged my stay in this rather noisy than brilliant assembly, to make myself completely master of its details.

Education and social station create among men differences which are much less apparent among women, and which are made to disappear before pity and love, two sentiments that seem to be a part of themselves. In the midst of the miserable objects of their consolations, they are distinguished by their clothes only; they all appear, then, to possess in the same degree that charming art of divining their wishes, of keeping up their courage, of managing their self-love,—in a word, of pouring over the wounds of the heart that balm which their ingenious tenderness alone knows how to prepare. These moral cares are far above the physical and material attentions of which they are scarcely less lavish. Amongst the women, in the midst of whom I have passed some hours on the days of our grand *levée*, there was pointed out to me a young girl, who, for the last three years, came regularly from Nanterre, on foot, twice a-week, and in all weathers, to bring to a friend, among the prisoners, some of the little cakes of the country, of which he is very fond. The other day he scolded her for coming to see him in such bad weather: and I listened with interest to the little excuses which her heart was constantly suggesting, in order to lessen the merit of her fidelity. "It did not rain when she left home—or, when the rain began, she was lucky enough to meet with an old milk-woman, who had taken her into a little covered cart, and brought her to the *Boulevard la Madeleine*." While she said this, she was drying her wet clothes, and making a sign to an old man who accompanied her not to betray her. On another seat I saw a female, still beautiful, though in the decline of life, who pressed her son to her bosom with an expression of tenderness and grief it is impossible to describe. The husband turned away his eyes, full of contempt and anger, from a son for whom he had cause, no doubt, to blush, and the fond mother seized the moment to slip a purse, which she had drawn from her bosom, into the youth's hand.

I know not by what sign it was that I recognized the delicate shades of the same sentiment with which the faces of all the females were animated: mother, daughter, wife, friend, or mistress, I could distinguish them all at a glance. There would have been no cause for boasting of this acuteness, if I had had to exercise it only on the countenances of women as open as that of a very pretty little creature, who had, together with him whom she came to see, taken possession of the darkest and most remote corner of the room; all I observed was, that it would not have been possible to have occupied a smaller portion of any given space than was occupied by this sentimental couple. Maternal tenderness, filial piety, love, benevolence, and friendship, are the virtues

of which the females in this place might furnish me with innumerable examples; but there are others, more foreign to their sex, patriotism, courage, honour (in the chivalric signification of the word), in which women have raised themselves to the highest pitch of heroism. I will cite a single one, which I have learnt during my residence in Sainte-Pélagie. No other explanation will be necessary than the following letter of Madame ***.

“ You know how dear you are to me: my cares have saved your life, but you are accused of being one of the instigators in the matter which is now under examination before the Chamber of Peers; return, therefore, and give yourself up as a prisoner, since there is no other way of justifying yourself from an infamous accusation. Your judges are men: and, although I am convinced of your innocence, yet I do not feel at ease. You may lose your life, but I know you too well, to believe that you will put such a sacrifice in balance with the loss of your honour, of mine, and that of your children.”

The prayer of this noble and courageous female was soon fulfilled. Her husband surrendered—he was tried; the odious suspicion which had been cast upon him was destroyed for ever; and the decree, which, for a short time, deprived him of his freedom, left him an ample recompense in the tender affection of his wife, for all the property he had lost.

Our entrance into Sainte-Pélagie was marked by two frightful circumstances: the transference of Mons. Magallon to Poissy, which we have already spoken of several times; and the suicide of a young and pretty woman, who discharged two pistols into her breast, between the grates of the prison, into which her husband had forbid her from entering. Jealousy, which she could not suppress, was the cause of this desperate act.

All my observations in Sainte-Pélagie have only added some additional proofs in support of this consoling truth: the arbiter of human destiny has placed in the heart of woman, in her generous cares, in her tender solicitude, the compensation for all the griefs, all the perils, and all the evils of life.”

As partially connected with the subject, though including other prison memorabilia, we quote the last sketch but one, entitled ‘Prison Recollections:’—

It is worthy of remark that history should have recorded, at the distance of two centuries, two similar acts of conjugal heroism, and that they should both be highly honourable to the female character. It is thus that an ancient chronicle relates the devotion of the wife of Grotius.

“ The very illustrious Grotius was rescued from suffering and imprisonment by the sagacity and industry of his lawful wife Mary de Regelsberg. She had observed that the gaolers omitted to search a large trunk of linen and books, which used to be sent backwards and forwards from Louvestein to Gorcum, and from Gorcum to Lou-

vestein: from this she conceived the design of concealing her husband within the trunk, after having dexterously pierced it in the side with a gimlet, in order that he might breathe freely. Grotius assented to the project, put himself into the trunk, and was carried without any danger to Gorcum, to the house of a friend, who kept him concealed for some time. He afterwards passed to Antwerp, and walked about without suspicion, carrying a carpenter’s rule in his hand, and dressed as if he belonged to that profession. His wife, in the mean time, pretended that he was very ill, and that she was nursing him. This pretence she continued until he had escaped the danger of detection: when she told the story to the keepers, saying, that the bird was no longer in the cage.

“ The judges were much perplexed, and for some time desired to proceed criminally against her. Some of them wished to keep her in prison, in her husband’s place, but the majority decided in her favour: she was acquitted by the court and praised by the world.”

This is almost the history of Mme. Lavalette. It is, however, less interesting, for, in the case of Grotius, the object was to abridge the time of his imprisonment; but in that of Lavalette the scaffold was prepared. If the outline of these events be the same, how very different were the results! The wife of Grotius derived from the freedom of her husband the happiness and glory of her life. When Mme. Lavalette saw her husband, the effort to rescue him had broken down her reason, and she was unable to feel the consolation of recognizing the object of her heroic devotion.

A great part of the unwritten history of Europe is connected with its prisons. It is a deficiency which ought to be supplied, and would be full of interest. The reigns of Louis XIII., Louis XIV., and Louis XV., would be found nearly complete in the Annals of the Bastille. Henry IV. was satisfied with making it the depositary of the public treasure. In 1790, they found a copy of the *Encyclopédie*, which had been locked up there twenty-five years before. The Duke de Guise, when he became master of Paris, in 1588, took possession of the Bastille, and appointed Bussy-le-Clerc governor of that state prison. This Bussy, an attorney of the parliament, conducted to the Bastille all the members of that illustrious body which refused to absolve the French people, in favour of Guise, from their oath of allegiance to Henry III. Presidents and counsellors in scarlet robes, reduced to the privations of the *demi-pistole*, were condemned to bread and water, and a week of this life entirely exhausted their constancy and fidelity.

It is well known, that before the revolution, there existed, at Bicêtre, four dark, damp, infected dungeons, six feet long and four broad; true seats of death, into which the air entered with difficulty through slant openings, and that even the flame of torches was extinguished for want of fresh air. The unhappy wretches who were flung living into

these tombs, were, in addition, loaded with sixty pounds of iron chains. When Necker was made minister, he caused to be put at liberty the only prisoner who had ever survived for two years this frightful punishment. The minister was present at the liberation of the prisoner. When he was brought up to the surface of the earth, the poor wretch trembled and tottered at every step, as if he were intoxicated. In answer to a friendly caution of Mons. Necker, he said, “ Alas! sir, for two years I have drunk nothing but fetid water: it is the pure air which intoxicates me.”

The pacific Cardinal Fleury, in the single affair of the Bull, signed thirty thousand *lettres de cachet*.

How many fathers, dishonoured by their infamous lives, have become the accusers of their own sons, for some disorder of youth, and obtained against them *lettres de cachet*! How many immodest women have disengaged themselves of their husbands in the same way! For fifteen years one man (Mons. de Saint-Florentin) had the monopoly of these warrants.

Bacon says, and he might have referred to his own case for an example, that there is no possible fortune which is not subject to persecution. The Romans said, that, to become a dragon, it was necessary to eat a serpent, and yet how many exceptions are there to this rule! How many persecutions are there which had no other result than their own penalties!

I know not to what prisoner of Sainte-Pélagie we owe the following maxim, which I found written on the wall:—“ In order to know a man thoroughly, condemn him to a month’s imprisonment, if he be rich; and to a month of prosperity, if he be poor.”—I wish that we could see, at the same instant, what is passing in the hearts of those men, who inhabit two different sorts of edifices—palaces and prisons: we should then see on which side would be found meanness in pride, and ambition in idleness, the most immoderate desires of wealth without labour, the most profound aversion for truth, flattery, treason, contempt of the duties of a citizen, hatred of virtue, love of vice, and ridicule of every thing good, just, and decent. “ In palaces,” says Montesquieu, from whom these last few lines are borrowed. He adds, “ such at all places and at all times, is the character of the inhabitants of palaces.” Notwithstanding his official station, it must be admitted that Montesquieu was a great philosopher.

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A Memoir of Central India, including Malwa and adjoining Provinces. By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN MALCOLM, G. C. B.

(Concluded from p. 600.)

IT would require a more detailed account of the state of Central India, and of the nefarious tribes by which it was occupied, than our limits will permit, in order to judge of the improvement that has taken place under British go-

vernment; and we perfectly agree with the author, that 'history affords few examples, where a change in the political condition of a country has been attended with such an aggregate of increased happiness to its inhabitants, as that which was effected in Central India,' but what renders this change still more singular and more gratifying, is, that, with the exception of suppressing a few Bheel robbers, peace was restored, and has hitherto been maintained without one musket being fired.

Independently of the distant classes of thieves and plunderers who infested Central India, there were several very remarkable associations of men of all tribes in the country, whose object was to live upon the community:—

'That called Gwarriah is one of the most extraordinary, and chiefly infests the towns and villages west of the Chumbul. They support themselves by stealing women and children, whom they sell. They seldom have resort to violence, but practise every species of deceit that can impose upon youth and weakness. They are quite well known as kidnappers, and reside openly as such under the protection of Rajpoot chiefs, managers of districts, and others, who benefit by their crimes. When they have been absent from their homes for some time, their return is anxiously looked for by those who are desirous of obtaining female slaves. After the principal person of the place in which they live has had his choice, the remainder are sold to the best bidders. This shocking species of traffic belonged peculiarly to the troubled period of Central India; but at the worst of times the petty ruler under whom the Gwarriah lived, used, when he was discovered, to restore the stolen wife or daughter of an individual who had found them, and to punish the offender with a mock imprisonment. This abominable practice has already greatly diminished, and will soon be altogether abolished. Many of the Gwarriahs have lately been seized and punished; and every measure has been taken to break up this infamous community in the districts over which the British influence extends.'

Central India was also subject, for many years, to annual incursions of vagrants from other countries. There are others who are at once mendicants, pilfering thieves, robbers, and murderers, particularly the Thugs, of whom Sir John Malcolm gives an interesting description:—

'The Thugs are composed of all castes; Mahomedans even were admitted: but the great majority are Hindus; and among these the Brahmins, chiefly of the Bundelcund tribes are in the greatest numbers, and generally direct the operations of the different bands. Their principal residence is on the banks of the Chumbul and Kuwary, northeast of Gualior, where they have villages,

and usually maintain a connexion, or at least an understanding, with the manager of the district. Their expeditions, which extend as far as Nagpoor and the Deckan, have of late years been very frequent in Central India; and more than three hundred of them were in that country in A. D. 1819. They have fixed rules, particularly as to the division of booty. Auxiliaries to their enterprises are sought for in all ranks, but the most abandoned of the officers of government of the countries to which they proceed are those they chiefly desire; and after having ascertained, by letter or verbal report, that circumstances are favourable, they usually send as precursors, for the purpose of minute local information, spies disguised as religious mendicants, astradesmen, or as soldiers looking for service, who connect themselves with the loose characters of the country, and all is prepared for the principal party, which often consists of three or four hundred; but these are never seen together, though the different bands travel in perfect communication with each other. Some of them have horses, camels, and tents, and are equipped like merchants; others are dressed like soldiers going under a leader to take service; some affect to be Mahomedan beggars and Hindu Byrages, or holy mendicants: they assume, in short, every disguise. Parties of the boldest and most active are always detached from the main band: these sometimes seek protection from travellers; at others afford it: in either case, the fate of those who join them is the same. The Thugs have, concealed, a long silken cord with a noose, which they throw round the necks of their heedless companions, who are strangled and plundered. Their victims, who are always selected for having property, are, when numerous or at all on their guard, lulled by every art into confidence. They are invited to feasts, where their victuals and drink are mixed with soporific or poisonous drugs, through the effects of which they fall an easy prey to these murderers and robbers, the extraordinary success of whose atrocities can only be accounted for by the condition of the countries in which they take place. They attained great strength in Central India, and many gangs of this class passed annually through the country on their way to dominions of the Nizam and Paishwah. It is not six years ago since the manager of Mundissor surrounded a body of Thugs, who professed themselves, and appeared to be, a party of horse and foot soldiers that were escorting their baggage on camels and bullocks from the Deckan. He had, however, gained information who they were, and commanded them to submit: they refused, and an action took place, in which the Thugs were routed, some of them killed, and others made prisoners. The whole of their booty was captured, amounting in value to more than a lac of rupees, and comprising every variety of personal clothes and ornaments, rich and poor, for they plunder all classes indiscriminately. Among other articles, a great number of their strangling-cords were taken and exhibited.'

Though the principal enjoyments of the natives of this country are at their festivals, yet they partake freely of the games and amusements common to other parts of India:—

'In the towns, gambling with dice is a prevalent vice, but it is little known in villages. The military portion of the population who have horses, pass a great part of their time in training and exercising them, and in learning the use of the spear. Both these and the poorer classes, who follow the profession of arms, study the use of the sword under competent teachers, and practise with their matchlocks till they come to great perfection; they also improve their activity and strength by gymnastic exercises.'

'Dancing-girls are the luxury of large towns, but every cluster of villages in Central India have attached to them (living in huts or tents) men and women of the Nutt or Bamallee tribes. The former are tumblers and rope-dancers; the latter are jugglers. Both of them have rude musicians and minstrels, and it is their music and songs which form the common entertainments of the peasantry. The villages are also frequently visited by drolls and strolling players: many of the latter are very clever. The subject of the satire of the plays, or rather farces, which they represent, is as often their mythological fables, as the measures of their earthly rulers and governors. The figures of the demigod Hunoomaun, with his monkey face,—Ganesa, with his elephant head and portly belly,—are brought on the stage, to the great entertainment of the spectators. The incarnation of the Hindu deities is a common topic with these players; and the frisking of the figure of a large fish, which represents one of the principal incarnations of Vishnu, always excites bursts of applause. The Raja, his Dewan, and all the ministers of his court, are frequent objects of ridicule with the actors in Central India; but what gives most delight to the peasant is a play in which the scenes that he is familiar with are exhibited. The new manager or renter of a district, for instance, is exhibited on the stage with his whole train of officers and attendants: every air of consequence is assumed by the new superior, every form of office is ostentatiously displayed; the Potaills and villagers are alternately threatened and cajoled, till they succeed in pacifying the great man by agreeing to his terms, or by gaining one of his favourites, who appears in the back part of the scene whispering and taking bribes. In some of these representations the village Potali is described as losing his level, from his intercourse with courtiers, and becoming affected and ridiculously great among his poor friends; and this commonly closes in some event that shews him in a condition of ludicrous degradation and repentance. Such representations are received with acclamation by the village audience of men, women, and children, who sit for whole nights looking at them. The actors are fed by the principal people, and a little money is collected for their reward; they also receive a mite from

the village revenue. The place of exhibition is usually a green near the village; but on particular occasions, such as marriages or festivals, a temporary building is erected.'

Self-immolation of widows was formerly frequent in Central India, though the horrid custom has been long on the decline. Infanticide is not known among the lower classes: it appears limited to some Rajpoot chiefs of high rank and small fortunes, who, from despair of obtaining suitable marriages for their daughters, are led, by an infatuated pride, to become the destroyers of their own offspring. Self-destruction among men, by casting themselves during public festivals from a rock, at Oukar Mundattah, and from a precipice near Jawud, was once common:—

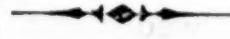
'One of the leading motives by which they are said to be actuated, is a belief that they will be re-born Rajas in their next state of transmigration; but it is no slight motive that can bring the human mind to the resolution of committing such an act, and almost all these victims are either insane from religious feeling too strongly excited, or men bred up to the continual contemplation of the sacrifice which they make: the latter are generally the first-born sons of women who have been long barren, and who, to remove what they deem a curse, have vowed that their child (if one is given them) shall be devoted to Onkar Mundartah. The first knowledge imparted to the infant is this vow; and the impression is so implanted in his mind as an inevitable fate, that he often appears, for years before he comes to the rocky precipice which overhangs the Nerbudda, like a man haunted by his destiny. There is a tradition, supported by popular belief, that it is incumbent to make a person whose life is saved after the tremendous fall over the rock, (which is more than one hundred and twenty feet,) Raja of the place; and, it is farther stated, that this petty principality was thus obtained about one hundred and fifty years ago. To prevent, however, the possibility of the recurrence of such a succession, poison is mixed with the last victuals given to the devoted man, and its action is usually increased by stimulants before the dreadful leap is taken. There however, as at the pile of the Suttie, retreat is not permitted, and armed men are ready to compel the completion of the scene, as well as to finish any remains of life that may appear after the fall. Women sometimes, but rarely, sacrifice themselves in this manner.'

The imperfect picture which even our extracts afford of the state of Central India, will show how prudent must have been the measures adopted by Sir John Malcolm, under the direction of the Marquis of Hastings, the governor-general, in reducing such barbarous hordes to civilization. The armies of conflicting princes, who waged a war of extermination, have been reconciled;

the sword has been exchanged for the plough-share and the spear for the pruning hook; the predatory tribes, with whom plunder and murder were a systematic profession, have been extinguished or rendered harmless. The revenue has, in many cases, been trebled, and in some quadrupled, while it has fallen less oppressive; population is rapidly on the increase, and upwards of two thousand villages, which had been nearly annihilated by civil wars, are rapidly repopulating; the crimes of self-immolation and infanticide, are nearly extinct, and slavery is abolished. Such have been the results of British government in Central India.

That the author of so much good, and he too so able a writer as Sir John Malcolm, has undertaken to describe it, will be a better recommendation of this work than the praise of criticism can bestow. It ought not merely to be considered as a local description of Central India, it develops principles which involve objects of the highest importance. It shows that a mild system of government, over the most turbulent states, is the most effective; and that good faith and a due execution of the laws, inspire a confidence and secure an authority which tyranny and fraud could never command.

To this work are added nineteen valuable appendixes. The last of these, a geographical index, by Mr. W. Hamilton, forms an admirable gazetteer of Central India.



The Three Perils of Woman; or Love, Leazing, and Jealousy. A Series of Domestic Scottish Tales. By JAMES HOGG. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1823.

AUTHORS, like warriors, get spoiled by success, and tempt fortune too far. This has been the case with the Ettrick Shepherd, who, though really possessing considerable talents and a lively imagination, cannot write every thing; and we must frankly tell him that if he will attempt to force three volumes on the public every year that he will soon be without readers, except such as contract with a circulating library and make a point of gulping every thing published under the name of a novel or a romance.

It is now some fifteen months since Mr. Hogg published his 'Three Perils of Man,' a work with which we were at some pains to make our readers acquainted. We did justice to the interest of the narrative, and to the vigour of some of the descriptions, while, at the same time, we pointed out some glaring

absurdities, and expressed our regret at some peccadilloes, including a profane parody on scripture. All admonitions and remonstrances are thrown away on some persons, and Mr. Hogg appears to be one of the number. We thought it might be enough 'to give a hint and hesitate dislike,' but some of our contemporaries were more severe upon him, though evidently to no purpose, for his new work sins more daringly and more frequently against religion, modesty, and good breeding.

We confess we have read the 'Three Perils of Woman,' and indeed Mr. Hogg's former romance, to some disadvantage, on account of our imperfect knowledge of the barbarous jargon he so copiously introduces. In the novel before us he has puzzled us sadly, and never was our Jamieson so thumbed or our glossaries so frequently consulted to enable us to translate the 'Three Perils of Woman' for our own right understanding and gratification, and not for that of our family, to whom, we soon found, we must make it a sealed book. We have heard it remarked that our English readers affect to admire the Waverly novels in proportion as they do not understand them; should this be the case with Mr. Hogg's romance, his 'Three Perils' will be the most popular work on this side of the Tweed that ever appeared; for a great portion of the narrative is in a jargon which would puzzle all the linguists in Christendom—James Hogg excepted. The Babel-like confusion of tongues—for to call it a language would be improper, is, we suspect, not thoroughly understood by any individuals in Scotland, save those hawkers whose itinerant life renders them familiar with the lowest provincial dialects of every village in Caledonia. A more serious charge remains to be made against Mr. Hogg—that of vulgarity, indecency, and even blasphemy.

It has been too much the custom, lately, for the Edinburgh novel-writers to interlard their fictions with appeals to the Deity and the services of the church. Mr. Hogg thought he must be in fashion, and how he has succeeded we shall show presently. We recollect reading, in some work, the author of which appeared to think a joke none the worse for being profane, that an atheist, in a storm at sea, thus concluded a prayer to the Deity for preservation: 'Hear my prayer, O Lord, this time, for thou knowest I trouble thee but seldom.' Mr. Hogg puts similar language into the mouth of one of his personages, who does not appear to be

an infidel. Daniel Bell, whose daughter lies ill, thus addresses the Deity :—

“ O Lord, it’s but unc’l seldom that I come huklin afore you to fash ye w’ ony poor petitions o’ mine.” “ I hae aye countit mysel clean, unworlly o’ being heard, or ony way tentit by sic a good being as thou art, an’ therefore I didna like to come yammering an’ whinin afore ye every hour o’ the day, for this thing an’ tither thing.”

“ But now, indeed, my good Lord an’ Master, the time is comed that I maun ex-postulate with ye a wee, an’ ye’re no to tak it ill.” “ If thou canna stock heaven wi’ bright an’ beauteous spirits, otherwise than at the expense o’ breaking parents’ hearts, it strikes me that thou hast a dear penny-worth.” “ I ken thou wilt do a’ for the best at the lang run, but the feelings that thou hast given deserve some commiseration for the present. I therefore beg an’ implore of thee, for the sake of him who died for the children of men, that thou wilt spare my child. Spare an’ recover her, O Lord, that she may live to show forth thy praise in the land of the living ; an’ if thou wants a prop for ony o’ the sheds in the suburbs o’ heaven, I ken whae will stand thee in as good stead, an’ whae winna grudge yielding up his life for her’s.”

Bad as this sporting with things sacred must appear, and blasphemous as every one must allow this familiarity with the Deity to be, it is not the worst part of the impious prayer. Take, for example, the following passages :—

“ If thou hast indeed revealed to her (bis daughter) the secret of her dissolution, I winna insist on ye brikking your word ; for I ken ye’re neither like a Yorkshire woo’man, nor a Galloway drover, to be saying ae thing the day, an’ another the morn.”

In another passage, alluding to the redemption by Christ, he says, ‘ an’ for the sake o’ the best day’s man that ever took a job by the piece since the creation o’ the world, an’ executed the sair-est an’ the hardest darg, grant us a remission of our manifold sins.’

We might, perhaps, be accused of treating Mr. Hogg unfairly if we here closed our notice, though an author who writes thus irreverently can offer little atonement by less exceptionable portions of his work. There is an old proverb—that ‘ one man may, with equal impunity, steal a horse as another look over the hedge ;’ and certainly we do think that if the ‘ Three Perils of Woman’ had been published by Carlile or Benbow they would have run a fourth peril,—that of a prosecution by the attorney-general.

But, much as we censure Mr. Hogg for his irreverence, we will confess that he stands not single in this respect. It is too frequently a vice of the pulpit, and one which forms one of the hea-

viest blots on the preaching of his countryman, Mr. Irving, who talks of ‘ the Almighty’s force of character,’ and says the Deity is all perfect ‘ like the Apollo Belvidere.’

Mr. Hogg’s novel, though purporting to be a series of domestic tales, contains only two stories, and these such as never, we are persuaded, occurred in any family. Love forms the first volume, and leasing, or lying and jealousy, which are properly but one tale, occupy the other two volumes. We shall not attempt the slightest outline of either of these tales, but merely observe, that they frequently display gleams of the vigorous intellect of the Ettrick Shepherd ; that some of the characters are well drawn, a few of the incidents natural and striking, and some of the descriptions, particularly those relating to the rebellion of 1745, are powerful and affecting. If any of our readers wish to know more of the ‘ Three Perils of Woman,’ we refer them to the circulating libraries, where they will scarcely fail of finding them *shelved*.

Letters to Marianne. By WILLIAM COMBE, Esq., Author of the ‘ Tours of Dr. Syntax,’ &c. 12mo. pp. 85. London, 1823.

If the fact, announced in the title-page, that these Letters are by the author of the Tours of Dr. Syntax, will not bespeak them a favourable reception, we suspect they will scarcely ensure it by their own intrinsic merit. The editor, who has prefaced them by a much-ado-about-nothing sort of ‘ advertisement,’ acknowledges ‘ that they are not of high account or of important interest.’ Nothing, in our opinion, could be more ill-advised than the publication of these letters ; and we have too much respect for the memory of Mr. Combe, to see it trifled with in such a manner, by vain, avaricious, or indiscreet friends. Surely Marianne herself, admitting her as amiable as Mr. Combe describes her, might have been content with the esteem of such a man, without publishing it to all the world. One would sometimes almost be tempted to suspect that the proprietors of ‘ The Times’ newspaper had caused these Letters to be published, from the care with which we are informed, though indirectly, that that journal once had the aid of Mr. Combe’s talents. If Mr. Combe dates a letter at ‘ Five o’clock, morning,’ a note informs us, that ‘ the author was just returned from “ The Times” Office,’ though there is not the slightest proof of it, or even the least

allusion to ‘ The Times’ in the Letter. If he tells his Marianne that he re-passed the bridge in the morning, as St. Paul’s struck three, a note adds, ‘ From “ The Times” Office.’ In another letter he says, ‘ I have not been so soon out of my bed as I was this morning for many months, except, as the Irishman might say, when I have not been in bed at all ;’ that, says our annotator, was when Mr. Combe was ‘ detained at “ The Times” Office.’

That a gentleman of Mr. Combe’s birth, education, and talents, should be compelled to resort to the midnight drudgery of a daily newspaper, must have been humiliating enough, without the fact being thus ostentatiously blazoned forth to the public, from which it is very evident he wished it to be concealed.

But it will be said do these Letters possess no merit. This we do not mean to assert, for even the relaxations of Mr. Combe, while making a correspondent of a young girl, could not be destitute of merit ; but admitting all that the editor seems to claim for them, that ‘ they display the pure impressions of a tender spirit, sincere in its sympathies, and chastened in its affections,’ and this we do admit, still we contend that they are not of sufficient general interest to the public, and that, in justice to the amiable writer, they ought to have remained in that confidential obscurity, which Mr. Combe intended while living, and was entitled to expect when dead.

Several of the Letters are extremely trivial : one is a card written the morning after a concert, expressing a hope that Marianne had neither got cold nor head-ache ; another is merely an answer to Marianne’s enquiry after his health ; a third is a note accepting an invitation to an evening party ; and a fourth an apology for not visiting Marianne because Mr. Combe was obliged to go out of town. Several other letters are equally common-place, but some are of a better character, and exhibit a pleasing style of epistolary correspondence. The two following, the one exhibiting the author in a grave and contemplative and the other in a sportive light, are the best in the collection :—

‘ Saturday night, December, 31, 1808.

‘ MY DEAR MARIANNE,—The last moments of the expiring year, and the first of that which is approaching, I employ with you. Thoughts rush upon me, and were I to embody them on paper, I might continue writing till day’s returning light, and they would not be exhausted. The flight of time, the aggregate of years, the changes and

chances of human things, and the tremendous state of the world,—what awful subjects for the meditation of such a midnight hour as mine! But I prefer to commune with your chaste spirit, and while you are enjoying, as I trust you are, the sweets of sleep, to soothe my wakeful mind by contemplating the virtues of my darling friend. The power and pleasure of thinking of what is best in this world, no power in it can take away. It is beyond the tyrant's reach; and, in minds of a certain cast, misfortune loses its pangs in attempting to interrupt it. To reflect on what is good, is goodness; and to habituate the mind to such objects of reflection, is as fair a source of virtue and happiness as the human understanding can cultivate. By contemplating the lovely form of truth, we acquire an increasing disgust for the deformity of falsehood; and by keeping the mind's eye on moral beauty, we more clearly discern, and more eagerly turn from, the hideous form of moral turpitude. Nay, this conduct of our reason will enable us to determine aright respecting our pleasures,—the most important object of early life; as on that determination, the real happiness of the future periods of it may be said entirely to depend; for there is no science so essential to honour, to virtue, and consequently to happiness, as that which enables us to distinguish between a pure, simple, unadulterated, and uncorrupting pleasure, and that which, with all its fascinating attractions, hides a serpent train beneath its flowers. The application of this rule may also have the happiest effect in the choice of acquaintance and the adoption of friends. While we associate our minds with the best forms and patterns of human excellence, we shall not attach ourselves to those whose arts may deceive, and whose communications may corrupt.

'But the midnight bell tolls the knell of the departed year. Another is now arrived, and it finds me still with you, unconscious, as I trust you are, of the change which time has made since you laid your head on your pillow. But the moment inspires me with no ordinary aspiration. Every hour of the year that is just past, possessed its prayer for your happiness; and every hour of that which has just dawned, should I be permitted to pass through it, will be distinguished by the same votive impulse. Particular seasons have nothing to do with it; the wish for your welfare is not the wish of this or that day, but of my whole life. May a gracious Providence, my dear Marianne, ever watch over, protect, and bless you.—I have done.—I go to my repose.

'And as you form my daily theme,
May I, by night, your vision see;
For when you grace my airy dream,
How pleasing then is sleep to me.

'My kind regards to you all. Adieu, and continue, I beseech you, to regard me as your ever affectionate and faithful friend,

'W. COMBE.'

'Sunday morning, January 1, 1809.

'MY DEAR MARIANNE,—Nat. Lee, the *mad* poet, wrote, what he called, a *mad tragedy*, which consisted of *forty* acts: and as

I have sent you *thirty-two* stanzas,* you will think me, I fear, almost as mad as he: and I wish I were; for he was a fine, lively, jocund fellow; and I am not merely down in the mouth, but down in my very shoes.

'What have I done to banish hope,
What have I done to be so dull?
I am become a very mope,
Without a fancy in my skull.

'But you will have rhyming enough,—so God bless you all. And believe me, your affectionate friend, DOMINIC DOWNCAST.'

To the Letters are added some pretty poetical pieces, and we will so far *flatter* the vanity of Marianne, as to select a few verses addressed to her fair self:

'TO MARIANNE.

'Let others boast of hoarded ore,
Or riot 'midst their golden store;
Give me, kind heaven, I'll ask no more,
Give me the table-flap, the mutton bone, and—
Mary.

'Ambition's heights are nought to me;
Unmov'd its glitt'ring tow'rs I see;
From these proud scenes I'd gladly flee,
To find the table-flap, the mutton bone, and—
Mary.

'Through pleasure's maze while others stray,
And fancy gilds each varying day;
I'd ever wish at home to stay,
When I've the table-flap, the mutton bone, and—
Mary.

'Should fortune blow with fickle wind,
If former friends should prove unkind,
My lot I'd bear with cheerful mind,
So I've the table-flap, the mutton bone, and—
Mary.

'But when death aims the pointed dart,
Whose fatal blow will rive my heart;
Oh, what a pang 'twill be to part,
With the dear table-flap, the mutton-bone, and—
Mary.'

We cannot pledge ourselves that this little poem has not before appeared in print; since at p. 81. we met with an old acquaintance, which is introduced among these pieces without its being stated that it has already appeared in several poetical collections. It is an 'Ode' commencing—

'Ah, who has power to say,
To-morrow's sun shall warmer glow,
And, o'er this gloomy vale of woe,
Diffuse a brighter ray?'

Foreign Literature.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

A Descriptive Itinerary; or, a Geographical, Historical, and Picturesque Description of France and Italy, with an Account of the Roads, &c. By VAISSE DE VILLIERS, Inspector of the Posts, Member of the Academy of the Arcades at Rome, &c. pp. 363. Paris.

Few books have, like the one we here announce, the triple merit of occupying,

* 'The Lost Heart.'

instructing, and amusing the reader, by the importance, richness, and interest of its details. The author has not only given a recital of his travels in France and Italy, which countries he has minutely explored, but he has described the aspect of each, with its temperature, productions, population, and the physiognomy and costume of its inhabitants. By following attentively the route which he marks out, we may, in idea, travel with him, and enjoy all the picturesque views afforded by the rocks, mountains, forests, and valleys that he passes. Majestic rivers,—purling streams,—lakes well stocked with fish,—fields, either loaded with corn or furrowed by the plough of the peaceable labourer,—orchards crowned with fruits of every sort,—vineyards covered with green vines, rich in the gifts of Bacchus,—large plains with innumerable flocks and herds, either grazing or bounding about, attended by shepherds with their faithful dogs,—in a word, all the ravishing beauties of nature figure on one vast scene, and every object becomes animated under the pencil of this skilful artist.

However imposing such a picture may be, it forms but a small portion of our author's merit; the 'Itinerary' presents valuable details to the antiquary, the historian, the geographer, the moralist, and to such as take an interest in statistics, in domestic and rural economy, in interior and foreign commerce, in the productions of art and industry, in public and private edifices, or, in fact, in all that remains of the inscriptions and monuments of the ancients or those of the middle centuries. It will, perhaps, be asked, what work can comprise information so various and so minute? a single volume could not surely suffice: it is for this reason that our judicious traveller has so distributed his work, as to comprehend, in each division, all that is worthy of notice in each district; and thus the re-union of all the districts, so described, forms one general outline of the ancient and modern state of a province or a whole kingdom. In short, nothing has been omitted in this interesting work, to which we refer our readers with the utmost confidence. Towns, cities, hamlets, farms, country-houses, fortresses, castles, rivers, bridges, dams, locks, canals, highways, and cross roads, all have a place in the recital of our traveller, and there is so much perspicuity in his narrative, that the accompanying map is less useful in explaining the text than in refreshing the memory of the reader, who, hurried

away by the rapidity of the style and the interest of the subject, may have given only a superficial attention to some accessory articles, in themselves worthy of remark. Familiar himself with most of the sciences, our author is anxious to furnish amateurs with the means of pursuing their favourite researches, and points out for their observation whatever is congenial to their taste. Thus the mineralogist and geologist can be equally gratified at being able to trace the various layers of calcareous or argillaceous earths, and the quarries of marble, stone, and coal, to an ascertained depth; also marineshells and fossils, which may be found elsewhere, disposed either in beds or accumulated in large heaps. The physician and the naturalist may observe the climate and meteorology of each region; the chains of mountains and their elevation above the level of the sea; the course of the predominant winds and their influence on vegetation; they may, likewise, notice the plants, trees, and different grains, together with the various quadrupeds, birds, game, and fish, which abound in the several districts. The speculator and geographer may amuse themselves with marking the boundaries of the provinces or departments; the assize towns, their population, their distance from each other, and their means of communication with the metropolis. On the other hand, the antiquarian will have under his immediate view, descriptions of the Greek and Roman monuments,—also of those of the Gothic order, together with the inscriptions relating to them. Such scavans as are addicted either to the study of statistics, architecture, domestic and rural economy, or the progress of the useful arts, will visit with pleasure and profit, under the guidance of our traveller, the various public establishments—such as colleges, schools, academies, manufactories, potteries, glass-houses, coal-pits; and, in the interior of the cities, the public squares and buildings, the churches, chapels, hospitals, prisons, halls of justice, &c. The painter and statuary will find a rich harvest in this work, for no monument of their art has been neglected; and the author has given proofs of his taste, his talents, and his impartiality, though he is far from assuming that his judgment is unquestionable. We must add, also, that literary men and historians may here trace documents to their source, for this faithful narrator speaks only from facts; he has consulted either the remains of monuments, local traditions, or the aged inhabitants, who have been eye witnesses

of the circumstances he mentions. His book is rich in interesting and instructive anecdotes; he has visited countries renowned for great men, and he notices the principal authors and their literary productions; the orators, the poets, the most renowned artists, together with the pictures, statues, and other vestiges of their genius that still remain to us; he has not even forgotten the public libraries, the theatres, academies and learned societies.

To produce a work so replete with varied information must have required an intimate acquaintance with the arts and sciences, and a fund of useful and general knowledge.

Original.

TRIP TO THE HIGHLANDS.

LETTER II.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

As no public conveyances (the mail excepted) are allowed to travel on a Sunday in Scotland, and myself and friends being tolerable pedestrians, we left Glasgow on foot for Edinburgh (forty-two miles), by the *new* road. In the neighbourhood are many coal pits, and there is an abundance of coal stacked and ready for sale;—the present price is from 7s. 6d. to 10s. per ton, or chal-dron. The country we passed through was little better than heath, for many miles, though now and then we saw a field or two of oats, very backward, and occasionally some rye grass, in small cocks, ready for stacking, but very little meadow land. Throughout the whole of our journey, north of the Tweed, we did not espy a windmill:—the clouds breaking constantly on the hills, causes much water to descend, which, forming into rivulets and streams, amply supplies water-mills; and thus millers are enabled to work at all times, which is far from being the case in England. Rather better than half way from Glasgow to Edinburgh is Bathgate, a clean pretty village, on the side of a gently sloping hill, where we stopped for the night. We put up at a neat respectable inn, kept by J. Forrester; here we obtained good accommodation and excellent refreshment, at a more moderate rate, perhaps, than could be found in the cheapest hotels of France. We renewed our journey next morning well pleased with our intelligent host and his entertainment, and, as we advanced, we found the land in better order. Within a few miles of Edinburgh, agriculture puts on its best features, and we were informed that ground here lets at from

5l. to 8l. per acre: hitherto in Scotland, we had not seen wheat, beans, nor peas growing, but we now found abundant crops of each. The castle, built on a high rock, engaged our attention for some miles before we reached the Old Town; the entrance to which, on the Glasgow side, is not prepossessing, owing to the unfinished state of the buildings leading to it; but proceeding a little further, into the New Town, the wide and well laid out streets, their cleanly appearance, the handsome squares, the noble houses, (all of free-stone)—the superb public buildings—Nelson's monument on the top of Calton Hill (well worthy of inspection) and the splendid mansions—astonish and impress the stranger's mind with the grandeur of the place. We passed over the elegant bridge which joins the Old Town to the New, and in the area are some of the markets, which, being in a hollow of considerable depth, in the centre of the two towns, render them an agreeable object, and they are at a convenient distance from all parts of Edinburgh. Generally speaking, the houses in the New Town, and many in the Old, are as handsome as those lately built in Cockspur Street, Haymarket, and they are increasing as fast nearly as those in the suburbs of London.

The Scotch are in many things like the French, particularly in their deficiencies of domestic accommodations. The poor women carry very heavy burdens in a sort of hamper, on their backs, fastened by a strap over the shoulders, very similar to our itinerant organ-players, yet they appear cheerful and cleanly. We saw no symptoms of want, and met with but one or two beggars in all our route, but we were struck with the meagre appearance of the horses. On Tuesday morning we visited famed 'Arthur's Seat,' but missing the customary path, we were obliged to ascend the side which is almost perpendicular, scarcely venturing to look back without first sitting down, however, having reached the top of this cloud-breaking craig, the prospect from it amply compensated for past trouble; no stranger should leave Edinburgh, without gratifying himself with a view from this eminence.

Edinburgh, though so large and populous, is advantageously situated, and must be healthy at all seasons of the year; for, from the heart of the city, you may in a few minutes escape into the healthful meadows, or to surrounding airy eminences. Bread is nearly the same price as in London, though

not equal in quality; the meat is cheaper, but not near so fine; the fleshers (butchers) make but a poor appearance compared with those of London. Throughout the country, ale is sold at almost every shop. The best Edinburgh and Alloa ales sell at 6d. per bottle, but very little draft ale is consumed. Table beer, bottled, is also sold very good, and at a low price, to the great convenience of the poorer classes.

I purposely avoid giving any detailed accounts of the city, which can be better collected from the local descriptions, particularly Starke's 'Picture of Edinburgh,' a work which would serve as a good model for the editors of that meagre and contemptible publication, 'The Picture of London.' I have merely adverted to points that press themselves into conversation. On Tuesday afternoon we left Edinburgh for Glasgow, by coach, and found that coach-hire is not the cheapest thing in Scotia's favoured land; it is much dearer than in England, and, to increase the evil, a demand is made of the traveller, by the coachmen, at the end of each stage of *ten* miles; for they change at this distance, and each succeeding whip inquires which passenger is generous or which close; the latter often find this *begging system* extremely disagreeable;—these matters are much better managed on the French roads. Arrived at our old quarters on the Bromielaw, the next morning (Wednesday) we had a charming walk to Paisley, about seven miles over a fertile and beautiful country. Paisley, like many manufacturing towns, presents to the traveller very little, externally, to engage attention. The inhabitants, in general, seem unhealthy, and the females have a singular appearance: they wear black cloaks which cover them entirely, except their faces, and many of them are without shoes or stockings, so that where they have not pretty countenances to counteract their unseemly dresses the stranger seldom wishes to see them a second time.

Thursday morning we left Glasgow for Fort William, and had the pleasure of revisiting the delightful scenery of the Clyde. Passing Rothsay, on our left, we proceeded up Loch Straven for Loch Fine, the widest of the lakes of Scotland—the sky was serene, the sun setting, and the full moon rising, the tide gently and playfully bearing us along, when suddenly a vast number of birds—the harbingers of good success to the fishermen—made their appearance; and, soon after, we rounded the farthest point of the Island of Bute, where there were at

least 100 fishing-boats in quest of the herrings, traced out for them *by the birds*. A signal was given from a boat with a red flag in it, and immediately each fishing-boat took its station, and commenced active operations.

In Loch Fine, about 9 p. m. a breeze sprung up, and, as we had got into a deeper and wider sea, the waters became more agitated and drove several of our passengers again into their births below, those who stopped on deck experienced much gratification from the scene of nature around:—the moon making her way to the meridian, beautifully clear, surrounded by her heavenly host of glittering stars, reflected brilliancy indescribable over this large sheet of spangled and sparkling waves, exciting in all wonder and admiration; well might an able philosopher say, 'that an undevout astronomer is mad.'

At 11 p. m. we got within the first lock of the Crinan in safety, but as the navigation here is somewhat difficult by night, the steamer is not permitted to proceed till day-light, which allowed us an opportunity of going on shore to refresh and taste of the real *twenty twa*, &c.

At day-break next morning, the 22d, we proceeded on our journey, and arrived at Oban—about 500 miles from London. The natives are a hardy race of mountaineers, many wearing the highland kilt, and *all* the children having their legs bare up to their knees; so used are they to descending steep rocks, that some approached us down dangerous declivities, out of curiosity, and others for the purpose of *buying bread of the steward*, as they make none themselves. We this day passed various islands, some excellently verdured, others entirely bare, mere rocks, others covered with heather looking as black as a thunder cloud, but forming in the whole a great and agreeable variety.

The abundance of birds about the lakes almost exceeds belief, wild ducks flew over our heads in dozens, others diving past, under water, and then reappearing on the surface.

About noon we arrived in Loch Linnhe, which, next to Loch Ness, is the most beautiful. At the foot of the high mountains are many mean huts occupied by fishermen. In some winters, when the snow lies heavy on the ground, these poor creatures are often so enclosed in their huts as to be obliged to make a hole in the roof to get out, yet amid the trials and hardships they endure, their native mountains are constantly the theme of their praise.

At six in the evening we arrived at Fort William, one of the meanest places in all Scotland, affording little or no accommodation.

Intending to send another letter,
I am, sir, your's, &c. M.

ON BALLOONING.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.
SIR,—Being naturally ingenious, and, I may say, bursting with invention, the perusal in your *Chronicle*, of the 13th inst., of the account of Mr. Graham's private ascent and beautiful voyage caused me a sleepless night. But thus is it ever with me, and no sooner do I hear of the efforts of genius to rise above the common thought, than I immediately feel myself called to work, and all the powers of my mind are employed either to invent or improve something in the same line. I am, you must know, the author of numerous inventions, which, however, have been 'born to blush unseen.' When I heard of Mr. Graham's successful ascent from Berwick Street, and his subsequent failure at White Conduit House, I could not but pity the intrepid but unfortunate adventurer; but when I came to hear that it was owing to a deficiency in the supply of gas, I could not but ridicule the idea of employing gas at all! My opinion of a balloon, and the principle upon which it rises, being simply this, that it requires only to be filled with air that is lighter than that which surrounds it, and that it rises from the same principle as a cork rises when let go at the bottom of a pail of water; a balloon filled with gas or any thing else, ascends by the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere. Now, sir, I think it possible to fill a balloon with common air, so rarified as to outdo your gas balloons as far as possible, and that too at comparatively little expense. My plan is as follows: Let a temporary fire place be erected with a few loose bricks, through which a pipe, or tube, if you please, may be introduced, one end to the balloon, the other to a pair of smith's bellows; if it is required that the air should be rarified in an extreme degree, the middle part of the tube should be of platina, or any metal that will prevent fusion or oxidation. The receiver end, next the bellows, will be best of forged iron, and that communicating with the balloon of the same metal; immediately that the air crosses the fire, it should rise by a perpendicular knee in the tube, that the gross particles may not be blown along, and thus conducted into the balloon. In my present view of the sub-

ject, atmospheric air, sufficient to fill a balloon of the largest size, in an hour, may be thus obtained, as light as it is at five miles high. Now, sir, if you will oblige me by the insertion of this in your valuable work, I doubt not of seeing my theory established.

Your humble servant, A. S.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN STATESMEN.

(From the letter of a gentleman who recently passed several weeks at Washington.)

'SECRETARY ADAMS is a man of short stature, pale but pleasing countenance—plain and remarkably *mild* manners and soft voice. Some think him *awkward*. I don't think myself that he is; but he certainly has nothing of the courtier in his appearance or manners. Others say, he is of a cold phlegmatic disposition—he is not—look at his writings; every thought *breathes* and every word *burns*. He is grave and *reserved* from *habit*, not from feeling—no man has a warmer heart.—Sometimes, when in the society of his friends, his *reserve* wears off, his eye kindles, and he enters freely and with animation into conversation. Those who have seen him in those moments say, he is the most charming and most eloquent man they ever listened to. All agree in considering him the most profound scholar, able diplomatist, and accomplished statesman that the country possesses.

'Mr. Thompson, secretary of the navy, is a tolerable good-looking personage, and of pleasing, easy, and careless manners. He looks more happy and good humoured than any of the secretaries.—The reason may be, that he has not the misfortune, like them, to be a candidate for the presidency. In point of talents and character, he is very respectable. He was formerly chief justice of his native state, New York—which office he filled with dignity and ability.

'You can't imagine how much I am delighted with Mr. Calhoun. He is the most brilliant and fascinating man, in manners and conversation, that I ever met with. He is slim, rather tall, with an animated countenance and black flashing eyes. His talents are of the first order.—He made a distinguished figure when in congress, both as a speaker and thinker. He is now but forty-two years of age, and has filled his present office six years with unrivalled ability. The present prospect is, that Mr. Calhoun, though he cannot be the immediate successor of Mr. Monroe, will, at some future time, be our president. But I have lived long enough to find out that talents and worth are not the only passports to high places. It will not surprise me, if both he and Adams should be set aside, and the exalted station, for which they are so eminently qualified, be given to humble mediocrity or base intrigue.

'Mr. Crawford is a man of gigantic stature, rather coarse appearance, and ordi-

nary but *modest* deportment. I was not much interested in him. My opinion, as to his capacity as a statesman, has long been in a state of *vascillation*; and it is by no means settled yet. He may have merits, and he, doubtless, has his faults; but he is *conspicuous* for *neither*. In a word, I take him to be an *ordinary* man.—His admirers, however, are many and ardent, and (they think) his chance to succeed Monroe in the presidency is as good as that of any of the candidates.

'From the Treasury Office we drove to the president's house; and were shown into a room, where we found Mr. Monroe sitting up to his ears in papers. It was his business room, here he commonly is found, and which, I believe, he never leaves to receive members or casual visitors. The conversation which took place was altogether common-place topics.—We remained only fifteen or twenty minutes, which is the space allotted to a call of this sort—many were waiting in an anti-chamber, for our departure, that they might have their audience; only one individual or one distinct party is admitted at a time. At taking leave, Mr. Monroe observed, that he "should always be happy to see me."—which means, if it means any thing, that your company will be acceptable at the levees—to which no invitation is necessary—every body goes to them that has a mind to do so. Mr. Monroe begins to show his age. He is much altered for the worse since I saw him five or six years ago. He is a good old soul, as every body knows, and has made us a good president. His long and laborious political course is soon to end, after which he will live long enough, I hope, in peace and quietness, to rest himself from his toils.'—*Baltimore Patriot*, June 27.

DISCOVERIES OF SECLUDED MEN.

THOSE who are unaccustomed to the labours of the closet are unacquainted with those secret and silent triumphs obtained in the pursuits of secluded men. That aptitude, which, in poetry, is sometimes called *inspiration*, in knowledge we may call *sagacity*; and it is probable that the vehemency of the one does not excite more pleasure than the still tranquillity of the other; they are both, according to the strict signification of the Latin term, from whence we have borrowed ours of *invention*, a finding out, the result of a combination which no other has formed but ourselves.

I will produce several remarkable instances of the felicity of this aptitude of the learned in making discoveries, which could only have been effectuated by an uninterrupted intercourse with the objects of their studies, making things remote and dispersed familiar and present.

One of ancient date is better known to the reader than those I am preparing for him. When the magistrates of Syracuse were showing to Cicero the curiosities of the place, he desired to visit the tomb of Archimedes; but, to his surprise, they acknow-

ledged that they knew nothing of any such tomb, and denied that it had ever existed. The learned Cicero, convinced by the authorities of ancient writers, by the verses of the inscription which he remembered, and the circumstance of a sphere, with a cylinder being engraven on it, requested them to assist him in the search. They conducted the obstinate but illustrious stranger to their most ancient burying-ground; amidst the number of sepulchres, they observed a small column overhung with branches—Cicero, looking on while they were clearing away the rubbish, suddenly exclaimed, "Here is the thing we are looking for!" His eye had caught the geometrical figure on the tomb, and the inscription soon confirmed his conjecture. Cicero, long after, exulted in the triumph of this discovery. "Thus!" he says, "one of the noblest cities of Greece, and once the most learned, had known nothing of the monument of its most deserving and ingenious citizen, had it not been discovered to them by a native of Arpinum!"

The great French antiquary, Peiresc, exhibited a singular combination of learning, patience of thought, and a luminous sagacity, which could restore an 'airy nothing,' to 'a local habitation and a name.' There was found on an amethyst, and the same afterwards occurred on the front of an ancient temple, a number of *marks* or *indentations*, which had long perplexed inquirers, more particularly as similar marks or indentations were frequently observed in ancient monuments. It was agreed on, as no one could understand them, and all would be satisfied, that they were secret hieroglyphics. It occurred to Peiresc, that these marks were nothing more than holes for small nails, which had formerly fastened *laminæ*, which represented so many Greek letters. This hint of his own suggested to him to draw lines from one hole to another; and he beheld the amethyst reveal the name of the sculptor, and the frieze of the temple the name of the God! This curious discovery has been since frequently applied; but it appears, to have originated with this great antiquary, who by his learning and sagacity explained a supposed hieroglyphic, which had been locked up in the silence of seventeen centuries*.

Learned men, confined to their study, have often rectified the errors of travellers; they have done more, they have found out paths for them to explore, or opened seas for them to navigate. The situation of the vale of Tempe had been mistaken by modern travellers; and it is singular, observes the 'Quarterly Reviewer,' yet not so singular as it appears to that elegant critic, that the only good directions for finding it had been given by a person who was never in Greece. Arthur Browne, a man of letters of Trinity College, Dublin—it is gratifying to quote an Irish philosopher and man of letters, from

* The curious reader may view the marks and the manner in which the Greek characters were made out, in the preface to Hearne's 'Curious Discourses.' The amethyst proved more difficult than the temple, from the circumstance that in engraving on the stone the letters must be reversed.

the extreme rarity of the character—was the first to detect the inconsistencies of Pococke and Busching, and to send future travellers to look for Tempe in its real situation, the defiles between Ossa and Olympus; a discovery subsequently realised. When Dr. Clarke discovered an inscription purporting that the pass of Tempe had been fortified by Cassius Longinus, Mr. Walpole, with equal felicity, detected in 'Cæsar's History of the Civil War,' the name and the mission of this very person.

A living geographer, to whom the world stands deeply indebted, does not read Herodotus in the original; yet by the exercise of his extraordinary aptitude, it is well known that he has often corrected the Greek historian, and explained obscurities in a text which he never read, by his own happy conjectures, and confirmed his own discoveries by the subsequent knowledge which modern travellers have afforded.

Gray's perseverance in studying the geography of India and of Persia, at a time when our country had no immediate interests with those ancient empires, by a cynical observer, would have been placed among the curious idleness of a mere man of letters. These studies were indeed prosecuted, as Mr. Mathias observes, 'on the disinterested principles of liberal investigation, not on those of policy, nor of the regulation of trade, nor of the extension of empire, nor of permanent establishments, but simply and solely on the grand view of what is, and of what is past. They were the researches of a solitary scholar in academical retirement.' Since the time of Gray, these very pursuits have been carried on by two consummate geographers, Major Rennell and Dr. Vincent, who have opened to the classical and the polite reader all he wished to learn, at a time when India and Persia had become objects interesting and important to us. The fruits of Gray's learning, long after their author was no more, became valuable! — *Philadelphia National Gazette.*

Original Poetry.

THE EXILE.

THE sun was setting in the western heaven,
And night was veiling fast the azure sky;
The solar rays by darkling clouds were riv'n,
Which seem'd to spread their shade, that
mortal eye
Might now behold the glorious canopy;
Clad in its glowing tints: long streams of
light
Yet glanc'd upon the earth and radiantly
Illum'd the scene of conflict, where the night
Now chas'd th' unwilling sun, and bade him
take his flight.
And oft the rays upon the ocean's waves
Tremblingly dane'd; as if they pray'd the
deep
To chain the conquering night, down in its
caves
Of crimson coral; and it seem'd to weep
It could not climb the vast ethereal steep
To aid the day's bright monarch; and a thrill
Of pity, murmur'd from the billow's sleep,

As the low night-wind bade their heads be
still,
Until the morn again should climb the eastern
hill.
There was a stranger on the sandy shore,
Who watch'd with eye intent the heavenly
scene,
And gaz'd upon the sun, until no more
The western sky had tint of glorious
sheen;
And then he turn'd him to the ocean's
green,
And fix'd his gaze upon the silent sea,
Upon whose mirror'd surface now were seen
The placid moonbeams sleeping tranquilly,
Serenely joying in their short-liv'd victory.
There was a deep expression on his face,
A countenance where beauty once had
shone,
There yet was much of majesty and grace,
But still the eye might mark how much
had gone,
Chas'd by dire sorrowings from their manly
throne.
And from his eye the lustre too had fled,
Whose lightning glance had spurr'd whole
thousands on
To conquer or to death: it now but shed
A sickly beam, as if its hope had withered.
The stranger look'd upon the boundless deep,
And on his cheek there fell an anguish'd
tear.
'Twas sad to see the lonely stranger weep,
But feelings came to him, that once were
dear,
And which he dream'd, had died on me-
mory's bier;
And when that darken'd eye glanc'd o'er the
main,
That oft had gaz'd on death, devoid of
fear,
Dark visions of the past then came again
And fill'd his mourning breast, with sad and
bitter pain.
And then he gaz'd upon the starry sky,
Where distant worlds like shining gems
appear'd;
And when the meteor flash'd; he oft would
sigh,
And liken their brief glare to splendour
rear'd
Upon a baseless pomp, the sooner to be
sear'd
By cold misfortune's blast: reflection's power
Came on him like a dreaded spell;—he
feard
To meet the chillings of that icy hour,
When memory gains her sway and blights the
heart's best bower.
For he was then an exile from the land
Of that sweet home his eyes could view
no more;
And he would oft times pace upon the strand
And look towards his country: then would
soar
His spirit's mightiness, and the waves'
wild roar
Would equal not his soul's tempestuous ire,
When the remembrance of the deeds now
o'er,
Would fill his bosom with that phrenzied
fire
Whose flame was feelings scath'd, his heart
their blazing pyre.
But there were times, as in this twilight hour,
When pensive melancholy grief bore
sway;

When the full heart emitted forth a shower
Of briny tears, that dimm'd his eye's bright
ray,
As he would watch the last dim streaks of
day:
And oft sad thoughts would rend his labouring
breast,
That he would try in vain to force away;
Then homeward would he hie, but not to
rest,
His bosom was a throne where sorrow reign'd
confess'd.
Or if the shades of balmy sleep o'erhung
Th' unquiet lids yet moist with recent
weeping,
Unwonted sounds would issue from his
tongue,
Or frightful dreams would chase his tran-
sient sleeping;
Whilst in a sea of grief his soul was steep-
ing:
Or if a kinder dream then lur'd his heart
And gave it to a blissful moment's keep-
ing,
His waking time would but new woes im-
part,
To add fresh poignancy to sorrow's venom'd
dart.
He was the pinion'd eagle of a rock
That rear'd its crags from out the pathless
ocean;
He was a pillar levell'd by the shock
Of congregated nations; yet devotion
(Nurtur'd by the heart's intense emotion),
E'n there did not forsake him; there were
men
Unsway'd by gold, or worldly-minded no-
tion,
Who brought their hallow'd souls to him,
and then
Rejoic'd to share with him his pestilential den.
His day is gone! Voiceless in death he
sleeps
The slumber of mortality; his fame
Will ever live. There yet is one that weeps—
She who once shar'd his glory and his
name,
Who lov'd him in adversity the same
As when the millions of the crouching world,
With recreant monarchs, trembled at the
flame
That shed its halo round his flag unfurl'd,—
Ere from his hill of might the conqueror was
hurl'd.
The ground entombs him; o'er his verdan
grave
No marble gleams with monumental glare;
The drooping willows sympathetic wave;
And serve as nature's banners in the air,
To mark the spot. No chisel'd titles there
Display their pomp, with by-gone deeds to
urge
Reflection: silent in his earthly lair
He lies; and the deep voice of ocean's surge
Sung, and still sings, the once-fam'd conquer-
or's dirge.
Edmonton. J. J. LEATHWICK.

Fine Arts.

HISTORICAL PAINTING IN AMERICA.
THE attempts at historical painting in the United States have not been many, and they have been principally confined to some incident or event in the revolutionary history of the country.

One artist has, however, ventured on a sacred subject, and one that had occupied the pencil of the late President of our Royal Academy, Mr. West; who, by the bye, was a native of the United States. The picture of 'Christ rejected,' recently painted in America, is by Mr. Dunlap, an artist of some celebrity on the other side of the Atlantic. Of this painting we are glad to introduce the following critique from the 'Providence Gazette' of the 16th of April last:—

'Dunlap's "Christ Rejected."—Having been much gratified with a view of this elegant production of the pencil, we intended to speak of some of its most striking beauties, and recommend it to public patronage, but are anticipated in our design by the following communication:

"We spent an hour, yesterday, with great pleasure, and we hope with some profit, in viewing this splendid and highly interesting picture. It is an epic composition, on the loftiest theme, and fitted to kindle in the heart of the Christian that holy glow of love and gratitude, which tends to the purest thoughts and most benevolent actions.

"The artist has chosen that point of time, when Pilate, having in vain endeavoured to save the Redeemer from the fury of his enemies, delivers him up to the sufferings of the cross, and releases unto them Barabbas, whom they prefer to Jesus. 'When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he said, I am innocent of the blood of this innocent person: see ye to it.' Then answered all the people and said, 'His blood be upon us and on our children.'

"Of the execution we are not competent judges, but every person can speak of the effect produced upon himself, and in this, we can truly say, we were surprised into a feeling of being present at the awful tribunal of the Roman Proconsul.

"The masses of shadow are truly grand, and the colouring clear, harmonious, and natural, producing the effect of reality in a greater degree than we have before experienced. The expression of character and passion is peculiarly strong and true.

"Another peculiarity, if we may say so, is the simplicity, united with energy, in all the attitudes. The picture is eighteen feet by twelve, without the frame, and contains upwards of two hundred figures, all in action, yet there is no crowding, no confusion, no indistinctness: all is happily and judiciously arranged. It also possesses the great merit of never distracting the attention from the prime object of the artist—to show the greatness of the sacrifice made by Christ for man. The expression of the Saviour's countenance is calm, dignified, beautiful. The humility, resignation, and placidity evinced in the whole figure, are finely contrasted with the savage ferocity of the wretch, who is about to tear the gorgeous robe from the shoulders of the divine sufferer. The High Priest, a commanding and splendid figure, is in the animated action of a personal enemy

and enraged fanatic, crying out, in answer to Pilate's appeal, 'Away with him—crucify him.' But although inflamed by malignant passions, his action marks the dignified office he holds, and is finely contrasted with the expression of the same hateful feelings in the vulgar wretches of his nation, who appear to be echoing his words.

"The executioner, sitting on the cross, and explaining to the boys around him the use to be made of the instruments of torture, is well conceived and admirably executed. His indifference to all that is passing around him, characterizes the callous heart which may be presumed to appertain to his calling. This figure, and the children about him, will engage the attention of all who see the picture.

"There are, indeed, many individuals and groups in the painting, which entitle them to particular consideration: the beautiful Magdalene—the ferocious Barabbas—the manly centurion—and many others: but after they have all been examined, still the eyes and the feelings of the spectator turn to the meek and holy expression which pre-eminently distinguishes the countenance of Him who 'was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; who is about to lay down his life, through love to those who persecute and despitefully use him!'

The Drama AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE summer season at the theatres (the only summer we have had this year,) is drawing to a close, and the winter theatres are prepared to open. During the recess, the lessees of Covent Garden, and the great lessee of Drury Lane, have each expended the sum of £5000, in alterations and decorations, all intended for the comfort and convenience of the audience of course. Indeed in an age of such democratic theatrical ascendancy as the present, no manager would venture to do otherwise. We have often thought theatrical property and theatrical popularity very precarious, and were never more struck with it than lately, when we found the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre compelled to pension a discarded servant, (whom the public once compelled them to dismiss) under the threat of having the house pulled about their ears. We venerate old age, and deprecate poverty, we also wish not to disturb the arrangement between the proprietors and Mr. James Brandon, but we must confess that we never knew any person have less claims on public sympathy, or an annuity more disgracefully wrested from an individual or a body of men, than the annuity to that gentleman for his over-paid services.

Some changes have taken place in the companies of each theatre. Young

goes back to his old quarters at Covent Garden, and Macready passes over to Old Drury, where Kean, Liston, Miss Stephens, and most of the old company remain.

The English Opera House still secures good audiences by the spirit with which it is conducted; night after night Mathews made laughter hold both its sides; but on Monday night he took leave of his London friends until February, when he will be found 'At Home' again. Caleb Quotem, Morbleu, and Dick Cypher were the characters with which he concluded his performance for the season, and he played them as Mathews alone could play them.

Since he has left, Wrench, Wilkins, and Wallack, who had been almost shelved, have resumed their proper station and by their exertions secured a continuation of public patronage.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Revivals have been the order of the day at this theatre. On Monday we had *High Life below Stairs*, which when first performed at Edinburgh caused riots among the motley robed gentlemen, and afterwards led to the abolition of vails. Liston's Lord Duke, and Mrs. Gibb's Kitty are performances with which the public are well acquainted, and they were the only ones worthy of notice, for Harley's Sir Harry was mere buffoonery.

Literature and Science.

Ship Ventilator.—A new machine, called the Fluid Ventiduct, has recently been invented by a Mr. R. Buckley, of New York, for ventilating vessels at sea, and preventing the generation of foul air and pestilential diseases. This machine is so constructed as to operate merely by the power gained by the motion of the vessel. It is not expensive, needs no repairs, requires no attendance during the longest voyages, and may be applied to vessels of any dimensions. Mr. Buckley has adduced a variety of cases, to prove that fever may be generated in the holds of ships which leave port in a perfectly clean and healthy state.

Commodore Porter is said to have certified that he has examined Mr. Buckley's invention, and entertains no doubt it may be advantageously used on board ships of war; and Henry Eckford, Esq. who has witnessed the practical operation of the Ventiduct, states it as his opinion that it will fully accomplish the object intended. Many valuable lives are annually lost by disease on board ships of war and merchantmen; and if the machine in question can avert pestilence and death, it ought forthwith to be introduced into extensive use.

Niagara Falls.—A report has lately been made by an engineer in Upper Canada, em-

ployed to level the ground between the Chippewa river, which falls into the Niagara above the Falls, and Lake Ontario. According to this report, the whole fall between the Chippewa and Lake Ontario, is three hundred and seven feet. The distance of the route surveyed is twenty-seven miles. A company has been formed for the purpose of establishing a water communication, from Lake Erie to the Ontario, following the Chippewa, Twelve Mile Creek, and Grand River. It is computed that the expense will be less than a hundred thousand dollars, which is to be raised by subscriptions shares of twenty-five dollars each.

Canal Navigation.—The following account of an improvement in canal navigation is communicated in a letter from Trenton in the United States.—‘ For some years past, Colonel Clark, of Philadelphia, has been engaged in preparing a boat and apparatus, and making experiments to effect a navigation against the rapids in the Delaware, opposite to this place, as a cheap substitute for locks and canals; and, contrary to the prevailing opinion of our citizens, he has finally succeeded. I had the curiosity yesterday to visit the vicinity of his operations with a view to witness the passage of a Durham boat on his plan against the current, and on expressing a wish, although an entire stranger to Mr. Clark, he politely took me on board, and I had the satisfaction of passing the rapids by means of his novel, ingenious, and yet simple contrivance; and also of seeing a river boat, containing considerable freight, towed up by it with great apparent ease. The power, I have no doubt, was fully competent to have taken up ten or fifteen tons additional. If such, however, was not the case, the principles on which the apparatus are constructed and applied admit of increasing the power to any required extent.

The machinery consists of a pair of water wheels supported by a shaft placed across the boat: there is also another short shaft; they are both furnished with a drum, over which a rope is passed by several convolutions, and fastened by one end to an anchor at the head of the rapids, while the other is secured to a buoy drag at their foot, and is kept constantly on a strain by the action of the current. The water wheels are turned by the running water, and when the apparatus is placed in gear, the rope winds on to the drums in the ascending direction, and off in the other, and occasions the boat to ascend at the rate of three miles per hour. The plan is exceeding simple, and no doubt it will be adopted on all our large rivers, and prove a great public benefit.

The channel of the Delaware at this place is very crooked, shallow, and rocky; it however admits of a suitable improvement for this kind of navigation at a comparatively small expense, and the same may be said of all the rapids on this river for a considerable distance up. It should be recollected that three boatmen are necessary to take an empty boat up the Delaware, and for them it often proves a difficult undertaking:—when freight is taken up, additional hands

are employed; but so little account is made of this mode of transportation, owing to the attendant difficulties, risk, and expense, that most of the supplies for the upper country are conveyed over land, either from your city or Philadelphia. Coal is taken in boats which do not return, and which occasions a very great expense.’

In Canada the Fine Arts as well as literature are advancing; a periodical journal, to be called the ‘Canadian Magazine’ was announced to be published early in August; and a well executed plan of the city and suburbs of Montreal has been engraved by Mr. Burns from an original drawing.

A work has been lately published, at Paris, entitled ‘The Life of Mina, his Origin, the principal Causes of his Celebrity, his Military Stratagems, his Galantries, &c.’ It is a complete romance, in which there are not a few marvellous and unfounded tales. There are, however, several anecdotes exceedingly curious: for instance—‘The mistress of an inn, Donna Marguirita, a fine looking woman, enterprising and amiable, took a fancy, though married, to a soldier in the 6th Italian regiment. Her amours were adroitly concealed from the poor husband, and had continued some months, when the arrival of some Spanish troops disturbed the enjoyment of the happy lovers. Roelli lingered some hours behind his comrades, and with difficulty tore himself from the embrace of his Marguirita. Some Miguelets of Navarre fell in with him at the gates of the town, and treated him in the most cruel manner. They bound him to a tree, after having stripped him naked, and then slashed his body with knives and poniards, particularly his cheeks, which were literally hashed in morsels; in this horrible condition they hanged him on the same tree, exposed to the scorching rays of a meridian sun, and at the mercy of the ravenous birds so numerous in the peninsula. Some time after a muleteer arrived at the inn, and made good his quarters by tossing off a bottle of wine in the Catalan style, that is, taking it down at one draught. ‘Parbleu,’ cried he when he had finished, ‘I have just seen Roelli in a fine condition.’ ‘What do you say?’ exclaimed Donna Marguirita.

‘Yes, the *maladroit* has managed to be caught by our fellows, and now he is in devout meditation, hanging on a tree, his eyes turned up to heaven as if he were looking for spots in the sun.’ At this fearful news the *jolie hôstesse*, dissembling as well as she could her grief and her resolution, set off on her mule, and at night-fall arrived at the spot described by the muleteer. She immediately discovered the unfortunate Roelli; the heart of her lover still beat; he had been awkwardly suspended, as not unfrequently happened to the French especially in Galicia. After many painful efforts Marguirita succeeded in taking down the body of her friend, and, placing it on her mule, she returned home, entered the stable silently and secretly, and carried the almost inanimate body into a retired loft. There she lavished on Roelli every imaginable and even inconceivable attention; and when he was completely cured she enabled him to escape.

Roelli is now at Paris, in the *Hôtel des Invalides*: two silver concave plates cover his cheeks, and conceal from the eyes of observers the horrid state of his face, mutilated and mangled by the Miguelets.’

Aerostation.—Mr. Graham had announced his intention of ascending in his balloon on Monday last, at Cheltenham, but the weather proving unfavorable, the ascent was postponed till Wednesday, when it took place from behind the Royal Oak Inn. Ample arrangements had been made for a supply of gas from the gas-works of the town; Mr. Graham superintended the inflation, and by two o’clock the balloon was so far distended as to display its shape. The ground was fully attended, and amongst the company was the Duke of Buckingham. Mr. Graham fixed the car to the balloon and all was ready by twenty minutes after four o’clock, when he and Mr. Webbe got into the car amidst the cheers of the populace. The balloon then rose, the ropes having been cut, but it with difficulty cleared the roofs of the stabling, the car even knocking off some of the slates. The balloon then descended, which created considerable alarm for the aeronauts; however, it fortunately descended into the middle of the main street, when the crowd laid hold of the car and paraded it up the street to a more open space. It was now found requisite for Mr. Webbe to quit his station, which he did with considerable reluctance. That having been done, and Mr. Graham having righted himself, he gave the word of command to let go. The balloon then ascended rapidly, beautifully, and steadily, Mr. Graham waving his hand to the populace to evince that all was safe and promising. Onwards the balloon winged its way, but with so much apparent slowness as to afford the public ample opportunity for witnessing its progress. In about seven minutes it was entirely out of sight.

Mr. Sadler has made two good ascents in Yorkshire. The first on Thursday, the 18th inst., from Sheffield, when, after a fine aerial voyage, he descended near Tickhill. The second ascent was on Monday last, from York.

Longitude.—Dr. Tiarks has returned to Greenwich from his astronomical and trigonometrical survey. The result of his observations in the Seringapatam has been a discovery that the longitude from Greenwich to Falmouth is set down in the published accounts one mile short; that from Falmouth to Madeira is correct. The trigonometrical surveys which have been made will consequently prove incorrect, but the discovery affects nothing relating to practical seamanship.

Means of Preserving Eggs.—In 1820, a tradesman of Paris asked permission of the Prefect of Police to sell, in the market, eggs that had been preserved a year in a composition of which he kept the secret. More than 30,000 of these eggs were sold in the open market, without any complaint being made, or any notice taken of them, when the Board of Health thought proper to examine them. They were found to be per-

fectly fresh, and could only be distinguished from others by a pulverous stratum of carbonate of lime, remarked by M. Cadet to be on the egg-shell. This induced him to make a series of experiments, which ended in his discovering that they were preserved in lime water highly saturated. M. Cadet recommends the addition of a small quantity of muriate of lime, but gives no reason. They may also be preserved by immersing them twenty seconds in boiling water, and then keeping them well dried in fine sifted ashes; but this will give them a greyish green colour. The method of preserving them in lime-water has been long the practice of Italy; they may be kept thus for two years. This useful mode is well known in many parts of England, and cannot be too much recommended.

The Bee.

The Russian Ukase.—A poetical friend on reading of the Emperor Alexander's claim to four thousand miles of ocean, hastily furnished the following pasquinade:

'Old Neptune one morning was seen on the rocks,
Shedding tears by the pailful, and tearing his locks,
He cried a *land lubber* has stolen, this day,
Full four thousand miles of my ocean away;
He swallows the *earth* (he exclaim'd) with emotion,
And then to quench appetite, *slap goeth the ocean*,
Brother Jove must look out for his skies let me tell ye,
Or the Russian will bury them all in his belly.

Indian Trial and Execution.—On Monday last, an Indian in this place was stabbed by another; the friends present decided on the merits of the case—the accused was found guilty, sentenced, executed, and interred on the spot. The whole transaction took place in less than fifteen minutes.—*Baton Rouge Gazette.*

Slow Travelling.—The earthquake which set out from this town at 7 o'clock, A. M., on the 23d ult. arrived the same day at Niagara at 11 o'clock, p. m. being at the rate of about 25 miles an hour.—*Salem Gazette.*

Origin of going Snacks.—At the time of the plague in London, a notedbody-searcher lived, whose name was *Snacks*. His business increased so fast, that, finding he could not compass it, he offered to any person who should join him in his hardened practice half the profits: thus, those who joined him were said to go with *snacks*. Hence, going *snacks* or dividing the spoil.

The celebrated Countess of Dorchester, mistress of King James II. having seated herself, at the theatre, on the same bench with a lady of rigid virtue, the other immediately shrunk back, which the countess observing, said, with a smile, 'Don't be afraid, madam, gallantry is not catching.'

Clerk of the Pipe in the Exchequer is an officer, who charges down, in a great roll, made up like a *pipe*, all accounts and debts due to the king, drawn out of the Remembrance Office.

A man of colour, a general messenger, died lately in Kentucky, to whom the name of *Conclude* had been given from his frequent use of the word. The American journalists, always ready on such occasions, have given *Conclude* the following

EPITAPH.

Poor sable child of honesty and fun,
Thy *travelling* career on earth is done—
Alas! thy logic! how could death so rude,
Thy life and argument at once *conclude*?
No more *conclusions* from thy lips shall flow,
Until the *grand conclusion* here below,
When (sovereign mercy's fiat gently given)
Thou may'st *conclude* thy doom—to dwell in
heav'n.

L'homme sans argent.—A man without money is a body without a soul—a walking death—a spectre that frightens every one. His countenance is sorrowful, and his conversation languishing and tedious. If he calls upon an acquaintance he never finds him at home, and if he opens his mouth to speak he is interrupted every moment, so that he may not have a chance to finish his discourse, which it is feared, will end with his asking for money. He is avoided like a person infected with disease, and is regarded as an incumbrance to the earth. Want wakes him up in the morning, and misery accompanies him to his bed at night. The ladies discover that he is an awkward booby—landlords believe that he lives upon air, and if he wants any thing of a tradesman, he is asked for cash before delivery.

A novel Insurrection.—The Missionary Reports from the African Islands, of last year, detail a singular insurrection in Madagascar. The women rose, to the number of 4000, and threatened to chastise the king, unless he would grant them some of their wishes, and consult them as to the manner of *cutting his hair*. He, however, collected his soldiers around him, and boldly sent them word that he was king, and would do as he pleased.

Horsemanship.—The Moors frequently amuse themselves by riding with the utmost apparent violence against a wall, and a stranger would conceive it impossible for them to avoid being dashed to pieces; when, just as the horse's head touches the wall, they stop him with the utmost accuracy. To strangers on horseback or on foot, it is a common species of compliment to ride violently up to them, as if intending to trample them to pieces, and then to stop their horses short, and fire a musket in their faces. Upon these occasions they are very proud in discovering their dexterity in horsemanship, by making the animal rear up, so as nearly to throw him on his back, putting him immediately after to the full speed for a few yards, and stopping him instantaneously; and all this is accompanied by loud and hollow cries. There is another favourite amusement, which displays perhaps superior agility. A number of persons on horseback start at the same moment, accompanied with loud shouts, gallop at full speed to an appointed spot, when they stand up strait in the stirrups, put the reins, which are very

long, in their mouths, level their pieces, and fire them off: throw their firelocks immediately over their right shoulders, and stop their horses nearly at the same instant. This also is their manner of engaging in an action.

In the year 1711, a question in parliament was carried in the negative, by two accidents; the going out of one member, by chance, to speak to somebody at putting the question; and the coming in of another in his boots, at the very minute. If either of these accidents had not happened, it had gone the other way. 'What great events from little causes flow?' Lord lost a question of importance in the upper house, by stopping to cheapen a pen-knife.

A Jewish play, of which fragments are still preserved in Greek iambics, is the first drama known to have been written on a scripture subject. It is taken from the Exodus, or the departure of the Israelites from Egypt under their leader and prophet Moses. The principal characters are Moses, Sapphira, and God from the bush, or God speaking from the burning bush. Moses delivers the prologue in a speech of sixty lines, and his rod is turned into a serpent on the stage. The author of the play is Ezekiel, a Jew, who is called the tragic poet of the Jews. Warton supposes that he wrote it after the destruction of Jerusalem, as a political spectacle to animate his dispersed brethren with the hopes of a future deliverance from their captivity under the conduct of a new Moses; and that it was composed in imitation of a Greek drama, at the close of the second century.

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Printed for Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, London; and A. and W. Barclay, York.

London:—Published by Davidson, at No. 2, Surrey Street, Strand, where advertisements are received, and communications for the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; Ray, Creed Lane; Ridgway, Piccadilly; H and W. Smith, 42, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, and 192, Strand; Booth, Duke Street, Portland Place; Chapple, Pall Mall; by the Booksellers at the Royal Exchange, Sutherland, Calton Street, Edinburgh; Griffin and Co., Glasgow; and by all other Booksellers and News-venders.—Printed by G. Davidson, in Old Bond Street, Carey Street.